

MCGILL DAILY *Culture*

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UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL RESOLUTION 799

Article 1: Strongly condemns the action taken by Israel, the occupying power to deport hundreds of Palestinian civilians, and express its opposition to any such deportations by Israel.

Article 4: Demands that Israel the occupying power ensure the safe and immediate return to the occupied territories of all those deported.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS, CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

"Such deportations are a violation of international law, specifically the fourth Geneva Convention, which imposes duties on occupying powers."

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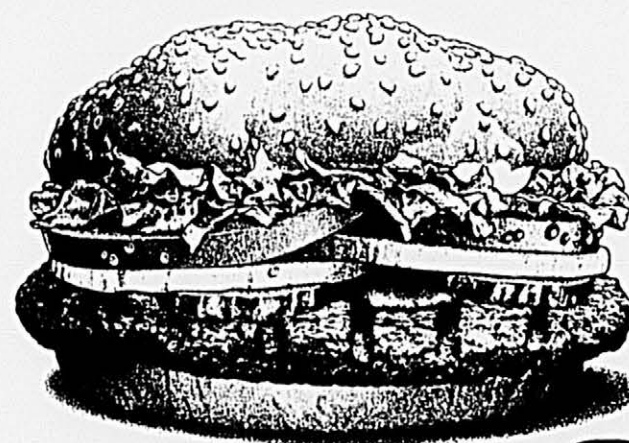


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Acid Flashback

District 6 bum rushes DiSalvio's door policy

BY J. TORRES

Not unlike a hexagon, this article has more than one angle. And none of them are right. Not that any of them are wrong, or more important than others. And none of them are square. This is hip stuff. Trust me.

Dateline: March 11, 1993. The McGill Daily, Culture Edition. A landmark issue for several reasons. The least of which: the beginning of what could very well be a beautiful friendship between the BK Lounge and this paper. Thank-you to the ad genius who acquired the Burger King account and those two-for-one coupons. Also thanks to Victor Shiffman of District 6 for the phone call (and subsequent interview) — re: the article "Drop Acid? Drop DiSalvio" by yours truly, the Whopper Eater.

Mr Shiffman, the new kid on the Montréal concert promo-

tions block, called to talk to me about said piece and school me on a few things: the history of acid jazz, what this city can expect by way of up-coming shows, and how now everyone can have fun at Club DiSalvio. Really.

The past two Wednesdays Club DiSalvio has been host to 'Round Midnight, a loose but funky acid jazz confederation that presents a live-and-kickin' multi-media dance party (simple minds will miss that reference). If you had no previous knowledge of this nu musik thing called acid jazz, and perhaps tried to school yourself at École Polyvogue DiSalvio in the past couple of weeks, chances are you may have been denied access by a certain hall monitor. One with a low tolerance for fashion misfits (Burger King paper crowns just don't cut it). But have no fear, you

need not be truant from the acid jazz scene any longer.

"DiSalvio has never had an independent promoter come in and produce the night's entertainment, basically run the whole operation," Shiffman told me. "I think right now the club is still trying to feel out what its role is. But they've realized that 'Round Midnight is appealing to an eclectic crowd."

Eclectic, indeed. For District 6, the ideal dance floor will see dread heads bobbing alongside Chelsea haircuts in time to the finger snapping of the be-bop boys in suits and the cries of "hip-hip hooray" from the b-boys in Reeboks.

District 6, a newly formed production company cum concert promotions outfit headed by Shiffman and his partner André Lawrence, launched its Montréal career with 'Round Midnight at DiSalvio on March

3rd. The debut anticipated *Good Times* in days to come but this promise was dampened by the venue's restrictive door policy. Now it seems the glitch has been fixed. Shiffman says to expect a difference next time you come to check out the show.

"For us the whole concept thrives on openness," asserts Shiffman. "It's about making music across the board and it's also about people getting together across color lines." There is a new person working the door, her name is Donna, I'm told. Out with the "only trendoids beyond this point" business, on Wednesday nights the club will be operating on a first come first served basis. Apparently, even card carrying DiSalvioids must wait in cue. Membership has its privileges.

Acid jazz finds its roots in the rare groove movement of the 70's. It synthesizes classic jazz and what's hot on the streets today (i.e. hip hop). To bring jazz back to the dance floor by way of the be-bop and swing eras is one of the primary creative thrusts behind this scene. People should expect to see a dj spinning hip hop tracks with

musicians throwing jazz riffs on top of that. The star of the show is improvise, and neither the dj's nor the musicians know exactly what to expect.

Furthermore, says Shiffman, "Don't expect to be bombarded with techno-rave. Musically, the style is easy and groovy." Do expect a funky good time from 'Round Midnight who hope to include some of Montréal's progressive jazz talents on its on-stage guest list. On March 24th, bassist Al Baculis of Bootsauce will be sitting in with the posse (as it were). And vocalist Harold O'Day will be experimenting with scat and rap duets on the 31st. Ella meets LL. Mama said jazz you out.

In the near future, Montréalers may also expect District 6 to bring the likes of Gil Scott-Heron, Max Roach, and possibly Maceo Parker to town. Digable Planets and Brand New Heavies are also being sought after by the fledgeling concert promotions company. "We're not simply about promoting one type of music or style," says Shiffman. "If it's good music, we want to be involved."

Montréal's favorite offspring releases it's first full-length album Morgentaler gets lucky

BY SUE LANGOIS

Shiva Space Machine, the latest from Montréal's Me, Mom & Morgentaler, is dedicated to "The Spirit of Foufounes Electriques—The alternative club every city deserves." It is fitting therefore that this is where the band chose to launch their first full-length album Monday night.

At the launch the band previewed some new material, not on the stage but at floor level, lending a casual feel to the event. Afterwards, the food and drink was more readily available than the band members, so we arranged a later meeting. I spoke to Kim Bingham, one of the lead vocalists, on Tuesday morning.

Kim explained the band was somewhat wary of the whole media preview idea, perhaps it smells a little too corporate. Admittedly there is potential for cheese at such functions. So they decorated the place à la *Shiva Space Machine* (does Foufounes need any more character?). Then they invited friends and family along and, with a little help from St-Ambroise, turned it into a party.

Along with the album comes a video (to be aired on both national music networks) and, of course, concert dates. The band will play Le Spectrum on

April 12th with friends The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.

The video, directed by James DeSalvio, is for the first release "Oh Well." The song is about racism, an issue which Kim points out that her and other members of the band "have to deal with on a lifelong basis." Kim said they chose "Oh well" for the video "because it is musically representative of the band, with a strong social message. We didn't want to be taken lightly."

Apparently the video is pretty slick, with a few formerly bared bottoms now jean-clad for the sake of viewer sensitivity.

The album is expected to reach a much wider audience than their previous EP *Clown Heaven & Hell*. I'm sure music enthusiasts unfamiliar with the band are going to have a blast. Even. "Everybody's Got AIDS" an obviously politically charged number is described by the band as "A rowdy, beer-drinkin' song. A happy song about a terrible puzzle we all have to solve together."

Those who are familiar with the band know that their music has always been fueled by many influences, and the same holds true for the new stuff. A lot of ska, rock, jazz, funk, you name it. The accordion, played on the album by beloved former member Kasia Hering, gives tunes like

"Landlord" a cajun flair. The album contains songs in French and Spanish, and, oh yeah, English.

Two of the songs on the album, "Héloïse" and "Your Friend" are brought back from *Clown Heaven & Hell*. I asked Kim about this unusual practice. "We felt that with time we had become better musicians, and those two songs represented the band's style." The remakes were to give two "deadly Québécois underground sensations" new life. Trust me, it works.

In fact, it's incredible that the whole thing works. Consider an eight-member racially-mixed

band that sings in three languages and has more influences than an accordion has folds. Consider also that they have synthesized this and put together a solid 16-song album. On their first try.

I asked Kim about the band's goals, not wanting to assume that these included success south of the border. "The problem with the States is that there has been no popular band there like us...they wouldn't take a chance on us. They'd look at us and maybe think of Fishbone. And Fishbone didn't make that much money."



Another factor to consider about American interest is that there has been a problem with their name. It's quite ironic that the reason that they have been asked to change their name is not because of controversy but because the general American public doesn't know what Morgentaler means. "We played in New York with PiL and they called us 'MMM' on the bill."

As for future goals, for the time being they are "concentrating on right now." Referring to the fact that after many roadblocks everything is coming together at once, Kim claims, "when it rains, it pours."

The recording for this album was done last February, yet it took until December to get it mixed. "Searching for a mixer was like the needle in the haystack...we were reading the back of every CD." Finally the Bourbons suggested their mixer Lenny Derosé and Kim happily declares "this is the way the album is supposed to sound."

And does the album look the way it is supposed to look? The cover art was done by Rupert Bottenberg. The funky image should attract attention but what does it represent? Well, the Shiva in this illustration is an eight-armed being with one head. There are eight members in the band...one head. Get it?

Music on a hook

BY TED MCINNES

COD POP, pungent and wholesome music is coming out of the Maritimes, generating publicity like never before.

Eric's Trip, a foursome from Moncton, are riding out this wave. No doubt they're benefiting from all the attention Sloan has attracted. 'Cod pop', as a name, is catchy, regionally accurate and smells of music on a hook, but it probably belongs more to the industry than these newly discovered music fishermen.

"Some people call us grunge. Some compare us to Sebadoh and some to Simon and Garfunkel. I like those bands. Yeah we're kinda like Sebadoh, you know, the 'loser corps.'"

Tuesday saw the release of their EP, on Sloan's Murder Records label. Before that they were pushing a 7-inch on the Nim label and another 7-inch entitled *Never Mind the Mollusks*, a collaborative effort. What might sound more 'gr—', (I refuse to say it) is an upcoming recording for Sub pop, due out some time in late April.

Rick White, the unofficial leader, writes all of his songs acoustically. He and Julie Dolron go back before the rise of the band and share the vocal work, bringing it off with familiarity and ease. Their melded voices contrast for a clean and luring texture.

On its own White's voice is hidden, uncracked and innocent. Its simplicity is poised against driving natural rhythms that just happily happen when kids play with plugs. Although they tend to get a tad feedback-happy, Eric's Trip is making some very nice organic noise.

It's straight, cut to the chase, electric emotion. They're real and they're not reaching for the jar full of rock'n'roll cookies. They actually brush their teeth. (They told me, in person.)

Daily: How do you feel about the hype?

Eric's Trip: It's good and scary. The recognition is nice but the hype...I don't know about the hype. There has always been stuff going.

D: How has your sound developed?

ET: Rick and I have been singing together for a long time. We started out doing folk stuff, or the Celtic thing. All the songs are still written on acoustic but now we just incorporate distortion peddles. We're loud and melodic. We do different types of songs, Rick's always changing them.

D: Is there going to be a Sub pop festival in Halifax this summer?

ET: No one is quite sure yet. They were trying to book a ferry but if it happens at all it's going to be on land but nothing is for sure.

D: Why was the set so short?

ET: We don't like playing longer than forty minutes, you know like don't wear out your welcome. We're used to short sets, short songs. As a band we hate it when we have to wait for a band to finish.

Spokespeople for Unspoken Thought

King Missile prove that they are way cool

"I WOKE UP this morning with a bad hangover and my penis was missing again. This happens all the time; it's detachable. This comes in handy a lot of the time; I can leave it home when I think it's gonna get me in trouble, or I can rent it out when I don't need it. But now and then I go to a party, get drunk, and the next morning, I can't, for the life of me, remember what I did with it." —"Detachable Penis"

Any discussion of King Missile should necessarily start out based on the understanding that John S. Hall is fucking brilliant.

Hall, lead singer and lyricist for the New York-based four-some, would downplay any such assertion and yet remains one of the principle spokespersons for unspoken thought.

Therein lies his genius. Hall is a pathological empathist. He has a remarkable understanding of basic human emotion; the desire to belong, to be loved, and to make sense of a world that all too often feels as though it's being lived within the confines of one's own television set.

King Missile, a fixture of the New York underground for the last decade, have been recently rearing their weird heads above ground and getting considerable airplay on mainstream stations.

They're not too worried about the sell-out syndrome. Says Hall, "Now that we're becoming something that people want to do business with, because people do come to see us, we can start calling the shots and that's what freedom's about. People think that being popular means that you sell out, but being popular means that you can do more of what you want to do."

The band has, in the course of four albums, demonstrated a unique ability to balance music and lyrics. Seemingly random chord progressions back the vocal lines on such favourites as "Wuss" and "Take Stuff From Work," lending them a credible, and thoroughly listenable incongruity.

Other songs, like the 1990 college radio hit "Jesus Was Way Cool" and "Gary and Melissa," have a less improvised feel and offer a melodic vehicle for Hall's simple outtakes on the inherent strangeness of everyday life.

Alchemy and Scorsese

Hall is an alchemist; finding a turd in your sandbox becomes a transformative experience, driving a cheese-cake truck turns into a life-and-stomach-affirming joyride.



There is continuity between *Happy Hour* and its predecessors *Mystical Shit* (1990) and *The Way To Salvation* (1991), though the new material is marginally grimmer. Songs like "(Why Are We) Trapped?" and "Metanoia" reveal a darker side while "Detachable Penis" is likely to become a classic in the same purplish vein as "Sensitive Artist."

Martin Scorsese is the inspiration behind the frenzied second track: "I wanna chew his fucking lips off and grab his head and suck out one of his eyes and chew on it and spit it out in his face and say thank you thank you for all of your fucking films."

The juxtaposition of Hall's consistently innocent, almost childlike vocals against the more carefully produced guitar and drums on *Happy Hour* was a definitive move, says Hall, toward providing a superior "quality" of music without sacrificing the eclectic delivery of the lyrics.

"On *Happy Hour*, we investigated different ways of making the marriage between lyrics and music tighter than it has been in the past. The title is ironic, because the words talk about self-denigration, low self-esteem, isolation, being trapped, and the driving need to just end it all. *Happy Hour* is exactly an hour long...kinda happy, definitely an hour."

There is a far more polished

MUSIC

King Missile • at Club Soda

BY JAMIE O'MEARA AND ELISABETH UNNA

feel to "Happy Hour" than there is on any album preceding it. Staying with King Missile production wiz "Kramer" was essential to preserving their sound on the new release. The result, muses Hall, is a consequence of having been able to take the time to achieve the desired presentation rather than a conscious step toward refinement.

"There's more freedom now. Having more production values is a freedom. In the past we didn't have any time so we had to do everything very quickly and improvise. In an album like *Fluting On The Hump* we had to do everything in one take. That's not really freedom, it's like being forced to do everything in one take."

"I really like this album," continues Hall. "I like the conditions under which it was made and I think it's the most eclectic record I've ever made. There may be some people who are disappointed because we're starting to get popular. It only changes the music as much as you let it. Some music is more difficult to avoid, like Nirvana and Madonna. Our music is still quite easy to avoid if people want to do that."

One good way not to avoid it is by going to see them. King

Missile are on tour right now until the end of May and, by some strange twist of fate, will be playing March 19 here in Montréal, the Land that Bands Forgot. While it is unclear as to why they're performing in a city whose youthful inhabitants would rather rave to the soulless strains of IBM compatibles than a live, in the flesh band, Hall laughs that he's probably "getting a substantial amount of money." Let's hope so.

John S. Hall with guitarist Dave Rick, bassist/keyboard player Chris Xefos, and drummer Roger Murdock are, together, King Missile. Xefos' antics behind the keyboards are but one reason to see a show that is liberally punctuated with humorous Hallisms and a lot of audience interaction.

"I think most bands are boring to watch live," states Hall, "and I don't think that we're 'brilliant' but, I mean, at least I do try to pay attention to what's going on and try not to make it hopelessly boring."

The Monks of Doom, featuring members of Camper Van Beethoven, are opening for King Missile and the cheap ticket price (\$12.50) makes it well worth the stagger up to Club Soda.

Free reign for Bulgarian Clouds

BY ROB VIOLA

"Once you're at the very bottom you don't have a choice, either you waste your life or you pull yourself up. Basically, when we came here... no friends, no relatives, 20 bucks each in our pockets and a couple bags of clothes, that's all"

— Krassimir Halatchev, bassist/vocalist for the Clouds

THAT'S HOW the Clouds arrived in Montreal in 1988. Originally from Bulgaria, the band booked a vacation to Cuba knowing that the flight had a stopover in Montreal. After landing here, they promptly marched to the police seeking asylum from the censorship they had experienced in Bulgaria.

The band was kept in limbo for a period while they were checked out by the Canadian government, making sure they weren't crazed Bulgarian terrorists. After their release, the four lived at the YMCA for ten days and became charges of the welfare system. They were able to find a friend from Bulgaria who had been here for seven or eight years. He leased them equipment so they could begin practicing and playing.

The experience of their escape and their rise to prominence as a local band in a completely foreign environment had molded the band into a tightly knit creative unit. Songwriting is divided equally between the bandmembers but Krassimir Halatchev writes the lyrics. "I do write the lyrics. I can say without the band I would not have written those lyrics. Everything that is in those words that I write is based on our perspectives. Our lifestyle, what we

want in life, the contacts with the people around me, that's what goes into the words I write."

Although the band has been here since 1988, the band cannot really be lumped in with any of the branches of the Montreal music scene. Their sound, heavily influenced by the smoothed out hip-hop drone of the Manchester scene and the glossypop of mid-eighties England, stands in stark contrast to the punk, thrash and indie-rock sounds of other Montreal bands. True to their British roots, the band has sung in English from the very beginning... "I didn't get pleasure or satisfaction from singing in Bulgarian. It just didn't work. It goes way back, English and rock music: they're married almost."

Not riding on anyone's coattails, the Clouds have promoted themselves by playing nearly every club in the city and financing and releasing their debut Cd independently. It was recorded in a marathon session of 32 hours at the StudioWorks in Old Montreal.

According to Krassimir, their new album, currently only a 4-track demo, should serve as the Cloud's real entrance. Now the band is more firmly established and has received unfortunate

(but invaluable) promotion when their keyboardist, Michail Peshev, was faced with deportation back to Bulgaria. Much to his and the band's relief, he was granted an eleventh hour reprieve two days before his scheduled expulsion. Oddly enough, *The Dysfunctions*, another Montreal band, went through the same process when their bassist was sent back to Czechoslovakia in January.

Now that the band is secure again, the Clouds have extensive performance plans for the future. They have applied to perform at Music West in Vancouver, the CMJ seminar in Toronto, and the New Music Seminar in New York City. Gigs in Peterboro, Kitchener, and Toronto are scheduled for the end of April/beginning of May and they will be appearing at Reggies Pub on Concordia campus on April 1st.



Bite the Bullet

BY JULIUS CHAPPLE

- So, you want to go out tonight?
- Yeah, fuck, let's go get ripped.
- Where shall we go... Peelers? DiSalvio's?
- Nah, man, let's go check out Bite. I hear those chicks are real hot.

THE VERY last reason to go and check out Bite is for their looks. If you want beauty over content, go to the next Vanessa Williams show. A better reason to check them out is that they're good.

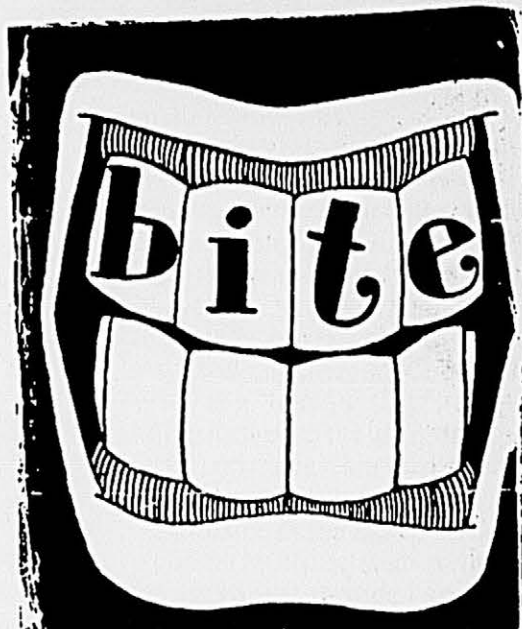
"Cyanide pop," a term used by someone very close to the band, sums up their music pretty well. Catchy hooks over a driving bass line steer their music away from the sonic avant-garde, but, self-comparisons to the Bangles aside (Josie and the Pussycats?), one should not expect them on the Top Forty at any time soon. Lead singer Cecil's little-girl voice complements the hard edge of Bite's music ("look at you mentally masturbating... you're slime") and the musicians who back her up — Nutella on bass, Nancy on skins and Julie on guitars — are, if not inspired, definitely solid.

Bands of this sort are plentiful. What makes Bite stand out is their sexuality. As women, their experience is markedly different from that of men in the same sphere, and this refreshing point of view comes through in their lyrics. "Guy bands" sing about a subject from one side — Bite comes out with the other.

"We write about personal issues," says Nancy. "We don't have a political agenda per se." (Cecil admits she writes a lot of songs about boys). You don't get struck by a strident message of any kind when you hear them; their attitude seems more like "we're women; accept it," than "we're women; now you must die."

This is not to say they are apolitical. Their position as Montréal's only all-girl band forces gender issues on them somewhat, but they are interested as well in getting more women involved in the typically male-dominated music industry.

"I want women to play. Don't be intimidated



by the boy's club — by white cock-rock," says Nutella.

It seems that Mulroney is a big fan (rumor has it that since he was chased like a wounded street dog from the arena of national politics, he's settling in Westmount because Bite is nearby). They get letters from him. Mila is hooked, too. At least, that's what they told me.

The whole "Canada Council" thing hasn't quite happened yet — Brian's still in office I guess — so their plans for the future don't extend beyond a tour, and more importantly, getting some new mikes. They all have extremely busy lives outside the band, and as last week has shown, they tend to play in spurts. They're playing at Jailhouse Rock this Saturday (another reason to go is Cell), and at Doug Pub in the beginning of April. And in a couple of weeks they're going into the studio to cut their fourth disc, with help from Trent Reznor, Stone Gossard and all of the Pixies (plus that guy who left the Stones).

Bite stuff (like those neat toques) as well as their album, when it's finished, are available at P.O. Box 42017, Montreal, H2W 2T3. Bite are playing March 20 at Jailhouse Rock with Change of Heart and Cell).

THE JIM ROSE CIRCUS SIDESHOW



LOOK OUT FOR OUR STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S MCGILL DAILY CULTURE

the GOOD and the BAD and the UGLY

BONECLUB

"BEAUTIFLU"

Rather than simply classifying the Boneclub as a generic grunge rip-off, I'd like to give the Minnesota-based band the benefit of the doubt, and assume that *Beautiflu* pays a premature tribute to the all-too-influential punk rock metal scene of 1992.

I'm having trouble convincing myself. There's nothing original here. Every song encompasses a combination of either Soundgarden's metal energy, Smashing Pumpkins' mellow resonant feedback, or Screaming Trees' Zeppelinesque melodies.

Add this to amateurish production moves like the untimely cut-off of "Arrive" and the unexpected (or perhaps, unplanned) tempo shifts in "Hubris" and the result is an intersection of standard grunge vibes which ultimately sound out of synch.

While the lead vocals of Andrew Arashiba successfully imitate Chris Cornell, the steady bass and semi-emotive guitar riffs reflect the Pumpkin's soulful appeal. The band uses catchy rock-n-roll choruses while spewing inane lyrics like "your seventies weren't so bad, you probably didn't like them because you did your first hit of acid in the seventies anyway."

Even worse is Boneclub's truly awful drumming. Tommy Rey's rhythmically banal fills sound like a poorly-executed lesson in rudimentary percussion.

As is the case with many bands, this EP may not do Boneclub justice (the band has since found themselves a new drummer, David Andler). Nevertheless, I would much rather listen to innovative new blood rather than this low-grade rehash in desperate need of fine tuning.

— Ilana Kronick

THE BORN AGAIN PAGANS

"CHARTER OF RITES"

This independent band's press release touts *Charter of Rites* as a genre-hopping, label-free piece of quirky Canadiana. The difficulty in categorizing this music, however, is not due to any originality. With a definite diversity of style and varied instruments, BORN again PAGANS seem to have the ingredients of a crossover but never get around to mixing anything up.

The addition of jazz drumming and Dirty Dozen-style horn riffing to several tracks never amounts to more than juxtaposing for the sake of juxtaposing. Maybe it's just plain posing.

The band owes a musical debt to Spirit of the West. But where Spirit of the West achieves a synthesis of the traditional and the contemporary, the BORN again PAGANS must take a few steps back. They have to simplify in order to complicate; to learn some rules before they break them.

— Jason Beck

BLACK 47

"FIRE OF FREEDOM"

If you are an Irish pub pop enthusiast, then Black 47 album might be worth your money.

The basic concept behind the band is unique. On *Fire of Freedom*, they've tried to link uilleann pipes with a drum machine and a bit of brass. But this strange mix spawns a fairly amateur album. The pipes sound good, but the predictable, simplistic use of the drum machine made me cringe. I've heard better beats out of metronomes. On several tracks, they use an acoustic drum set. It was a mistake to exclude the drummer from the rest of the album.

The lead vocalist, Larry Kirwan, has a unique voice although he sounds disturbingly similar to Robert Smith of The Cure. Occasional ill-timed and off-key notes are acceptable in a live show, but not on a professional recording.

The rest of the band sounds skilled enough, although lifeless in places.

The lyrics were written by Kirwan, an ex-playwright. They are interesting and include several clever love stories but when he attempts to tackle more serious subjects his ability falls short.

Repeated cliché phrases and a story of a man chased by a New York gangster named "Ice Man" give a childish flavour to the songs. When Kirwan takes on the Irish potato famine of the mid-eighteenth century (for which the band is named), the result is a simplistic portrayal of a complex piece of history.

Black 47 does show promise; all they need is more practice. Black 47 needs to grow up from the simplistic drum machine and the stereotypical "oh, poor abused Ireland" lyrics. However, on *Fire of Freedom* they show a lack of cohesion and experience.

— Jason Ridgely

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

"HEAVENLY BODIES"

I remember Gene Loves Jezebel from the mid 1980's. I remember *Desire* and *Motion of Love*. Michael Aston's wailing vocals were unique in the world of Glam/Rock/Alternative music. Expecting similar sounds, I listened to the album, despite the frightening long-haired Aerosmithesque album cover.

I think they have decided on a comfortable existence within the popular rock genre. They might even be slowly migrating towards easy-listening. I can turn on MIX 96 at any time and hear almost identical songs.

— Jason Ridgely

GOTTHARD

"GOTTHARD"

This latest offering from the L.A. metal scene isn't going to surprise anyone. Sugar coated metal pap, these guys could pass themselves off as any other band, notably Guns n' Vornit, White Lion, Whitesnake, Poison, ad nauseam. All of this, of course means that they probably will go over maximum with the big hair crowds in Jersey and New Brunswick.

I thought this would be a neat record because of the gothic green shroud of Turin cover. So they have a good design company. However, if commercial pansy metal is your scene, this shit is right up your alley. Why be different when you can be one billionth of a platinum record, right?

— Johnny Cox

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES III SOUNDTRACK

"VARIOUS"

The only reason I agreed to review this album is because it has two versions of the song Tarzan Boy by nobody Baltimora. The insipid, nonsensical lyrics and that video of him slip-time dancing in front of palm trees and monkeys on a computer animated film loop brought back those warm days of my youth.

Okay, so maybe the warmth was from the cheap wine I found in the basement.

Seriously, you probably can't get this song anywhere now, and I think that everybody should at least own a copy of it. The yodelling is worth the price of admission alone. Now to the rest of the album.

In short, it features many bad rap songs, a la Ya Kid K (Technotronic's throat). Since the movie is set in Japan in the sixteenth century, the inclusion of over-produced gangsta rap of the worst quality so obviously targets the thirteen year old audience the movie is made for it isn't funny.

There is also one very forgettable ZZ top song, something about them having the rock and you having the roll. More like you've got the money and they've got the sagging sales.

The only Japanese-like song on the album is a new age abomination... why am I even seriously analysing this trash. Think one thing. Baltimora, Cheezy pop..yum!

— Jimmy Pharbes

NENEH CHERRY

"HOMEBREW"

Neneh Cherry's publicists have been doing a good job.

Coinciding with the 1993 release of Cherry's second album,

Homebrew, Cherry's face has been plastered on the covers of countless magazines whose pages contain fairly predictable interviews. This album is the follow-up to her debut release from three years ago; *Raw Like Sushi*, which brought Cherry international success.

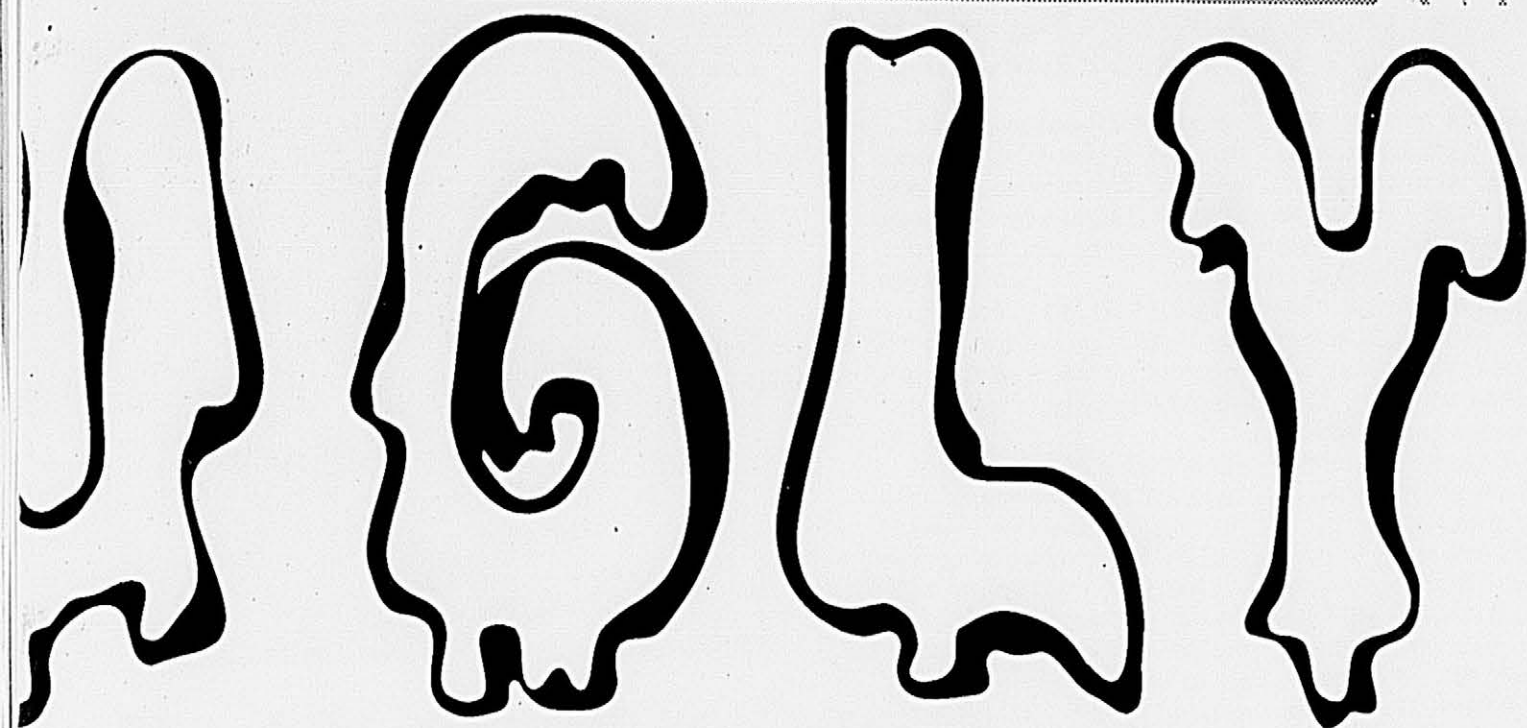
Interviews with Cherry tend to focus on several specific things; her beauty, her two children, her music, and her eclectic "global village" background, often in that order. Cherry's media image is that of the capable, young "superwoman": a musically gifted family woman who can still be 'sexy' and enlightened. Cherry describes herself as a "feminist slag," meaning that she has reclaimed the identity of the "black bitch" and made it her own; an inherently positive notion.

The name of the album refers to Cherry's home recording studio where most of the album was recorded and produced. *Homebrew's* cover shows a styled Cherry (no Nikes or Alaia on show) insouciantly wielding a baby's pram. And Neneh Cherry's name has been embroidered across the image. The album seems to be a fairly staple offering of Cherry-ness.

Funky, hip-hoppy tracks are mixed with more mellow tunes, all P.C. of course. Two of the songs on *Homebrew* were done in collaboration with other well-known artists. "Sassy," the first track on the album is a musical ode to the wonders of Cherry, with Guru from the rap group Gangstarr. The eighth track, "Trout," is a duet with R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe (ostensibly about sex education?). "Move With Me," *Homebrew's* third song, co-written by Lenny Kravitz and Cameron McVey (Cherry's husband) is a reworked version of a song that appeared on the soundtrack for Wim Wender's film *Until The End Of The World*.

Ten songs long, *Homebrew* is a good listen for any fan of Cherry's first album. She's gotten more sophisticated in her mixing and production, and has more slow, lyrical songs on this album, a departure from the nasty, bad-girl attitude rap songs that made her famous.

— Beth Hune



A COMPILATION OF MUSIC REVIEWS

JELLYFISH

"SPILT MILK"

When listening to Spilt Milk for the first time, it is easy to judge Jellyfish as ordinary. However, with an open mind, listening for a second time reveals depth and sophistication.

Variety adds complexity to this album. It starts off with "Hush," a 6-part vocal layering of a lullaby. "Bye, Bye, Bye" is a nursery rhyme which sounds like something from *The Threepenny Opera*.

This band has created music with effort, thought and musical talent. What becomes apparent is the rejection of samples and synthesizers for real tubas, harps, banjos, cellos, harpsichords, harmonicas and full string sections. "Pianos are timeless, real strings are timeless, and that's exactly what we want to do — make timeless music," says singer, drummer guitarist Andy Sturmer.

—Lesley Jacobsen

CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS

"CHANGES"

If you still like the kind of ex-lax smooth R&B that made one big bowl movement out of mid-eighties F.M. radio, you'll love Christopher Williams.

This album is one long whiney I'm-so-in-love-and-so-alone song, with an easy listening, slow-dance bass line. I hated every moment of it and, for heaven's sake, I hope you do too.

— Mo Al-Nuaimy

LOW POP SUICIDE

"ON THE CROSS OF COMMERCE"

This is a reasonably interesting throw-back to mid-late eighties goth-rock, with a surprising mix of influences. Vocalist Rick Boston manages to sound like Talking Heads' singer David Byrne on some songs and like the vinyl, spandex and hairspray thing from Dead Or Alive on others.

David Ogilvie of Skinny Puppy fame produces a couple of the tracks, and the drums are creatively bashed by Jeff Ward, who has toured with Ministry, Nine Inch Nails and Revco. The musical heritage is relevant but doesn't really define this band. While it is pretty rough and heavy, there is a spirituality here that could make or break the disc.

— Mo Al-Nuaimy

THE POOH STICKS

"MILLION SELLER"

It seems like electro-folk-garage-rock is all the rage in the UK. This wouldn't be such a bad thing if it weren't for the dismal quality of most of it.

The Pooh Sticks are a pretty middle of the road example of this trend. Not particularly good or bad; just jangly, loose and adolescent.

There are a couple of fun tracks on the album, but they don't go far enough towards making up for the profusion of boring ones. They've borrowed an interesting sound: what they need now is some vision.

— Mo Al-Nuaimy

QUIREBOYS

"BITTER SWEAT AND
TWISTED"

Is it just me or does Spike — vocalist for the Quireboys — sound a bit like Rod Stewart on speed? Suddenly images of sweaty, unshaven men with feathered hair in a barn with straw, electric guitars and cowboy boots comes to mind. Their sound is a combination of down home foot stompin' and electric shake 'em up rock'n'roll which leaves you and your head spinning with their repetitive lyrics and Spike's voice raking the back of your skull with its sour scratchiness.

This music is the soundtrack to when you're drunk and you don't much care to what you're listening. The only thing of which you are cognizant is the fact that the singer's voice sounds something like yours after an evening of drinking Liquid Drano and belting out lyrics to redundant Ted Nugent songs.

The Quireboys are yet another case of no originality. Their sound is reminiscent of a dozen other bands and their lyrics can be summed up by the song "Take No Revenge": "I take no revenge/I take no revenge/I take no revenge." Better still is "Wild Wild Wild": "Wild Wild Wild/She drives me wild/Wild Wild Wild." There's more but you get the picture.

Maybe their next album will have a song titled "No Creativity": "I ain't got no creativity/No creativity/No creativity/No creativity, baby."

—Jeanna Steele

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

"CIRCA NOW"

John Reis, of Drive Like Jehu, has hit on a formula that really works. Raw indie guitar rock with a hint of industrial techno and some killer melodies make this a great pick musically.

Reis is blowing the ink dry on a new deal. Interscope, a rapidly growing and respected indie label, has just signed both of Reis' bands in a take-it-or-leave-it ultimatum, which means they'll probably be disappearing into the import stores; and just when Cargo started to get major label distribution too. Sigh.

Look out for them playing at La Nausée on May 4.

— Mo Al-Nuaimy

BESTKISSERS INTHEWORLD

"PUDDIN'"

Ex-Sub pop artists are always worth looking out for. A least when they move up to a major. Sideways movement within the indie market usually means that they can't get their stuff together in studio.

The Kissers are just an American garage rock band, but terrific guitar production and tons of energy make them really rock. Bad vocals and obfuscated lyrics make the songs kind of pointless, but let's not get fussy.

— Mo Al-Nuaimy

JERI BROWN

"UNFOLDING THE
PEACOCKS"

Canadian label Justin Time records (get it?) has sent Montréal singer Jeri Brown to New York to record with some "name" sessionmen. Bassist Rufus Reid and pianist Kirk Lightsey are notoriously adaptable players, and along with drummer Wali Muhammad, they play solid and unobtrusive support for Brown.

The slow material on this album is uncommonly haunting for jazz, creating an effect far beyond the usual smoky-club fare. The up-tempo numbers, however, never make it past the club door. The scat solo on "Orange Coloured Sky" actually uses those "shoo-bop-dway" syllables that have inspired far too many bad Mel Torme impressions.

Luckily, there are only two such super-market-ready tunes to sit through, and the rest of the record provides a kick in the ass for an otherwise sleepy Montréal jazz scene.

— Jeff Beck

COVERDALE•PAGE

"COVERDALE•PAGE"

David Coverdale of Whitesnake and Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin, together on an album. God I can't believe it took them so long to think of it. If there was ever an obvious glam-rock combination...

They claim that this isn't a Led Snake album. They lied. Loads of hard-rock guitar, a drummer on speed and some suitably sexist lyrics. People who dig televised cactus erections are going to love this.

— Mo Al-Nuaimy



Buddy Guy sings the 'happy' blues

BY SUE LANGLOIS

BUDDY GUY's name brings to mind not only Chicago blues and legendary guitar playing, but also a huge comeback.

And no flash-in-the-pan comeback at that.

His 1991 release *Damn Right I Got The Blues* is now one of the top-selling Blues albums of all time. This success is sure to be compounded by the recent release of *Feels Like Rain*.

Guy has in the past collaborated with Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and pretty much every blues big name in the book. On his latest album, he has expanded this collaborative spirit to include the unexpected presence of the double 't' crew: Travis Tritt, Bonnie Raitt, and John Hiatt who penned the title track.

Guy played a sold-out show at Le Spectrum last Friday and an add-on show on Sunday. Had Buddy been smart, he would have checked the weather forecast, blown off his Saturday night Ottawa gig and not left the Spectrum all weekend.

He expressed his gratitude to his fans for braving the storm: "Don't worry," he consoled us, "I understand they have the same shit in Florida...Let's warm things up a little!"

And that he did. The audience on the whole was primed and ready, knowing a good show was in store. In the search for new and exciting quality musical stimuli, it's nice to check out a sure thing once in a while.

Interspersing originals old and new with tributes to fellow guitar greats, he performed a lengthy set including a musical journey up to the balcony with

pit-stops at the sound board and the bar.

Along with Guy's tributes to Marvin Gaye, John Lee Hooker, Wilson Pickett and others, he demonstrated rock's undeniable debt to the blues. After playing the intro to "Strange Brew" he said "Let me show you where Clapton got that one." I guess Buddy Guy has license to dissect Eric Clapton.

Having worked in a couple of band bars since the release of *The Commitments*, I've developed an aversion to a certain girl named Sally who likes to "ride around." However, with Guy playing guitar, I can actually say I enjoyed the cover this time.

Guy's backup guitarist brought a metal edge to the evening which didn't jive with the atmosphere. His version of "Let the Good Times Roll" sounded more like Steve Vai doing Hendrix. The strength of the show was still the original, newer material from his comeback albums.

For a blues show, everyone was pretty damn happy. Anyone who saw the show would understand how the drummer gave new meaning to the expression "perma-grin." Guy has a theory about the seemingly contradictory nature of the term "blues."

"I get confused when a person asks if a song is blues," says Guy, "all blues is not sad. 'Some Kind of Wonderful' (from the new album) is the other side of singing about she's no good. It's the same kind of blues, but it's the good side. Everything's got a good and bad side. I want the world to know we don't all do the down and out, we have happy sides to blues songs too."

Issue Contributors:

Kristen Peterson, Carlton Evans, Pat Harewood, Melanie Newton, J. Torres, Sue Langlois, James Forbes, Mo Al-Nuaimy, Mimi Pesuit, Julius Chappel, Rob Viola, Jamie O'Meara, Elisabeth Unna, Jason Beck, Ted McInnes, Jason Ridgley, Katie Bethune-Leaman, Jeanna Steele, Leslie, Ilana Kromick, Benoit Leblanc, Maya Hammer

Reclaiming pornography

Last week, we celebrated international women's week. A variety of plays, films, seminars, and discussion groups allowed women of all backgrounds to share their stories. It was very liberating.

Last month, CBC Radio aired a four-part series called *Second Look: Women in Pornography*. The series outlined the history of pornography as a genre.

The beginnings date back to the turn of the century photos by Edward Mybridge who placed naked men and women against a grid and took photographs at small intervals in order to discover how their bodies moved. Women usually walked across the grid touching themselves by pinching their breasts or putting their hands to their faces. Thus, what began as a scientific study of the human body in motion emerged as a girlie show. This is the impulse behind visual pornography.

While the industry boomed, feminists started an anti-pornography campaign in an attempt to regain control of women's sexual destiny. During the so-called "sexual revolution" of the sixties, women believed they had more possibilities to explore their sexuality. Masters and Johnson supposedly cleared up the myth of the vaginal orgasm, resulting with the "clitoral revolution". Unfortunately, women's sexual liberation was overshadowed by male violence in pornography. In the mid-seventies, Robin Morgan came out with her

chilling statement: *Pornography is the theory. Rape is the practice.*

American writer Sally Tisdale believes that pornography reflects popular culture. She claims the cultural media follows the popular appetite in order to give people what they want. Therefore, if we believe that pornography creates a social construct where women are oppressed, Tisdale advises women to create better pornography in order to change the construct.

There are endless possibilities for women to seize control of their sexuality, such as Suzie Bright's *Lesbian Sex World* or *Sexual Reality*. Women need to express what turns them on. Nancy Friday and Cher Hite have written about women's sexual fantasies, and there are several lesbian magazines which serve to arouse women.

Candida Royalle is one of the few producers who reaches out to women in her sexually explicit films. Royalle says that "erotic films made with a feminist sensibility can liberate us from negative attitudes towards sex." According to Royalle, this is what women want, seeing as how the number of women renting erotic films is increasing. Royalle thinks that women should watch her films with their lovers because they will provoke communication.

Is this the solution? Pornography created for women by women? Writer Erica Jong thinks so: "Because men have dictated what erotica was

for many centuries, we haven't even known what women's erotica would be if they were free to develop it." So, what turns women on? Many images that arouse women are not necessarily romantic, sentimental, or egalitarian. Power, domination, and humiliation are aspects of sex that are not always pretty. One woman's pleasure can be offensive or degrading to another.

Ayesha Rekhi, U1 Arts Student, believes that pornography is problematic because the word "pornography" harbors strong links to violence against women. The root "porn" means graphic depictions of whores. Whores exist to serve men sexually. Therefore, if pornography is seen as depicting sex, women's sexuality is merely to please men.

However, Rekhi thinks that pornography can become a healthy expression of women's sexuality, and a viable option for women in terms of exploring their personal sexuality.

Currently, we only have one understanding about sex in our culture, that of heterosexual intercourse from a patriarchal perspective. A variety of sexual ideas, such as erotica produced by women, would enhance the sexual "marketplace" and provide a fully human understanding of sex.

If women wish to express and celebrate their sexuality, they must discover and explore it. Women: Share your stories and reclaim your sexuality.

BY MAYA HAMMER



Stuff & things from CKUT



ARTIST ALBUM LABEL

Some cassettes to write home about: ALL ENTRIES (CC)

submitted by Rob Gauvin, contributor to "Underground Sounds", Mon. 8-10 pm.

Bite	demo	self
Papa boa	Des Fourmis Dans Les Jambes	self
Grasshopper	Born Loser	self
The Stand	Blur Your Cool	En Garde/Cargo
Passion Jam	Spreadible	self
various	CRSG Presents	CRSG
Development Site	Picholeo	self
Blundermen	Hummer	self
Blow	Schizophrenic ep	self
Velcro Soul	Hurt 'Em a Little	Ernie Noise

And You Thought You'd Never Have To Own A Record Player: recently released 7" singles that are good to eat - compiled by Rob Viola, host of "2 1/2 lbs. of Bacon", Tues 4-7 am.

Hum		12 Inch
Lilys		SpinArt
Twerdocle (cc)	The Gnat ep	Scratch
Eggs	Sexual Tension	Teenbeat
Versus/Scrawl	#1 of Working Holiday Series	Simple Machines
Superchunk	The Question Is How Fast	Merge/Touch & Go
Jale (cc)	Sweetness	Cinnamon Toast/Cargo
Tsunami	Diner	Simple Machines/Cargo
Allucaneat	Chump	Resin
M.O.T.O	Magic Words	Jet Pac

CKUT-FM 90.3 NEEDS YOUR PENNIES! It's not too late to donate to CKUT's Fourth Annual Funding Drive. You can take home some nifty gifts at special low end-of-drive prices, by dialing up and donating on your favourite show! Thank you to all those who have already contributed. To date we have accumulated over \$26,000 in pledges, but we still have a long way to go to reach our goal of \$50,000 by Monday. Please support our evolution. Call CKUT's pledge line: 398-8991.

Charts compiled by Rob Viola, Rob Gauvin, and Genevieve Heistek • (cc) = no less than 50% Canadian filling • based on airplay received



La loi de la cravache

Consciences sado-maso

PAR BENOÎT LEBLANC

Les consciences fragiles, création québécoise et mise en scène d'André Perrier, inspirée de la pièce *Mlle Julie* d'August Strindberg, production de la compagnie Triangle Vital avec le projet Théâtre Tremplin, à l'Espace la Veillée, du 18 au 21 mars et du 25 au 28 mars.

Deux pièces qui au même moment abordent une sexualité violente, est-ce un hasard? Avant les débuts de *L'Homme laid* mardi prochain au Théâtre de Quat'sous, *Les consciences fragiles* (ou *Le piège de Mlle Julie*) prennent d'assaut la scène de l'Espace la Veillée. Le sado-masochisme est au rendez-vous, mais ceci n'est pas une rencontre pour voyeurs anonymes!

« Tu ne peux atteindre ou aller chercher les gens si tu ne fais que les choquer! », prend le soin d'affirmer André Perrier, l'auteur de la pièce. Ce francophone né en Ontario tente plutôt de provoquer une réflexion, d'explorer un vieux texte dramatique et de l'actualiser. Le scandale n'est pas sa voie!

Une pièce intense

Sans détour, le dramaturge nous raconte la bizarre histoire de Jean et Anne. Ce premier mène une petite vie monotone de fonctionnaire, enfermée dans ses malaises, elle, vient de perdre son père qui la maintenait dans un carcan rigoureux; elle peut enfin respirer. Un jour, Jean assiste à *Mlle Julie*, une pièce de théâtre d'Auguste Strindberg. Bang! Ce spectacle provoque chez lui un éveil des sens. Il recueillera Anne qu'il appellera toujours Julie et l'entraînera à des sessions de sado-masochisme par le biais du texte de Strindberg.

Les spectateurs et spectatrices voient la jeune fille découvrir sa sensualité, son érotisme. Anne/Julie prend conscience de sa propre force. C'est une jeune fille qui se cherche, qui a besoin de quelque chose. « À la fin, c'est vraiment elle qui sort triomphante de la pièce. C'est elle qui a découvert toute sa puissance », dit André Perrier. « Elle aurait pu tomber dans une secte religieuse, dans un gang de rue, dans n'importe quoi! », ajoute-t-il.

Mlle Julie et le fonctionnaire

Inspirée d'une œuvre de 1893, voilà exactement 100 ans, *Les consciences fragiles* opèrent tel un témoignage des rapports dominant-

e/dominé-e, que s'ils ont changé au cours des années, n'ont pas disparu pour autant.

« Ça se bousculait beaucoup comme à toutes les fins de siècle. Tout s'entrechoquait, c'était la déchirure des rôles sociaux, la confrontation des rôles sexuels... », explique André Perrier. « Le texte est très réservé, mais en l'explorant, j'ai découvert de nombreux sous-entendus masochistes. La cravache, les bottes, etc. », derajouter le dramaturge.

Le fonctionnaire s'identifie au personnage de Jean dans *Mlle Julie*. Ce dernier est un domestique médiocre qui subit les caprices de Julie, la fille de son maître. Déjà haute dans l'échelon social, Julie utilise des jeux de séduction et de pouvoirs épouvantables qui vont trop loin et mènent finalement à des actes charnels. Dès lors, tout bascule! La sexualité permet au domestique de prendre le contrôle et d'anéantir son bourreau. Julie va se suicider.

Bien sûr, la pièce *Les consciences fragiles* est très librement inspirée de l'œuvre de Strindberg. Mais quelques éléments sont restés, entre autres les personnages. « Ils sont des fantômes qui viennent soutenir l'action, créer des liens, et dévoiler ce que M. Jean a censuré dans le texte original », de confier l'auteur. Ces deux zombies se promènent et guident le public tout au long de la présentation.

Théâtralement, le drame se situe à deux autres niveaux. Celui de Jean et Annie qui vivent leur scénario sado-masochiste et celui de gens qui viennent témoigner des travers de ce milieu particulier.

Par exemple, Christine, une tenancière d'une maison spécialisée vient témoigner de son expérience. Pour elle, fouetter, donner la fessée, demeurent des actes d'amour. « Elle voit tout ce malaise et décide de façon lucide d'extirper cela et de le prendre en elle », de commenter André Perrier. Contrairement à la croyance populaire, le dominateur-trice est souvent au service de l'esclave. C'est ce dernier qui décide du scénario, de son seuil de tolérance et des limites à ne pas franchir.

En espérant que le public ne se montrera pas réticent devant les manchettes sensationnalistes et la nature controversée du spectacle, le sado-masochisme mérite une étude sérieuse loin des habitudes blagues de mauvais goût. *Les consciences fragiles* se penchent sans prétention sur le sujet et gagnent à être connues.

Sheer powerful beauty

Crash Vegas releases an aggressive second album

BY MO AL-NUAIMY

Crash Vegas has come a long way since their 1989 debut, *Red Earth*. Their new album, *Stone*, measures that distance like a yardstick. It's about what happens when a band comes out of the studio and hits the road.

Singer and songwriter Michelle McAdorey tried to explain the metamorphosis. "At the time we made *Red Earth*, we had never gone out and toured across the country. One journalist remarked 'It's amazing what a trip to the prairies will do to a band,' and I didn't really know what he meant until after the fact."

They've hardened, and learned what playing together night after night really means. Where *Red Earth* was the soft silky product of two years of dedicated writing and endless studio time, *Stone* is a collection

of raw, hard edged, songs. The kind that you expect to hear coming from the stage on a Friday night.

McAdorey's passionately sung lyrics are still a force to be reckoned with. "I like really quiet stuff, but I also like raw, screaming stuff and I like the idea of combining both extremes," she explains. "It's good to experience all different sorts of feeling in life, and it's the same with the music."

McAdorey attributes much of the songs' power to the ease with which her words come. "There something I like about it, there are times when its like meditation and I can write on the road. When I've got an eight hour drive and I'm going through the mountains, there are no distractions and I can space out, and I find that stuff flows out."

The melodies bear the same stamp of spontaneity as the lyrics.

"Sometimes jams develop at soundcheck, and they just come together," says McAdorey.

For their second album Crash Vegas has left WEA distributed Risque Disque and opted for London Records, the US-based subsidiary of Polygram. This should see them getting more distribution South of the 49th parallel, which the band still needs. Although their first national tour — opening for Blue Rodeo — saw them receiving massive airplay with *Red Earth* going gold in Canada, they have yet to make a real impact on the American market.

With London Records behind them, and the sheer powerful beauty of the sounds on *Stone*, they may have just found the right formula.

Crash Vegas will be playing Friday and Saturday night at Gerts. Tickets are \$12.50.

Sanity Challenged

BY MIMI PESUIT

"COFFEE OR donuts? Donuts or coffee?" Caffeine? Sugar? Psychosis?

Whatever your poison, Adam Stembergh's award-winning *Hole* has something for you. The title not only lends itself quite well to sophomoric jokes ("My hole is opening on March 23") but also describes the despair of a monotonous and seemingly meaningless existence.

Hole, as in donut hole, is the story of three people held hostage in a donut shop. Shelly, who prefers to be called Nick (like his cinematic heroes), has been fired from Canadian Tire. With a gun to empower him, he wants to take action. But on his way to Canadian Tire, he stops at a donut shop. Here his plan to reconquer his lost dignity goes awry.

The play explores the relatively recent phenomena of violence binges. Yet the focus is not on Shelly and his actions but on the other characters' reactions to the situation.

"I wanted to show people interacting on a very raw level," explains Adam. "The extreme ends of behavior. We forget the horrible and wonderful things people do to each other every day."

This extreme life or death situation brings up some interesting questions. How much does morality apply when it comes to self-preservation? How far will these characters go to save their own skins? How far would you

go?

Self-esteem also plays an important role. Society tends to see job titles and income as reflections of people's worth. Says Adam, "Shelly has to spend half of his waking hours doing this menial, boring job, and the other half trying to forget it. I'm not advocating an overthrow, but I'd like to call attention to how people treat each other."

Directing the play is Jens Kohler, who won this year's McGill Drama Festival for his *City of Men Pissing*. He points out how the characters in *Hole* use media images to filter their perception of the world and of themselves.

Another aspect the play deals with is the disease of violence, which Jens describes as "the ultimate avoidance of reality." He remarks that mental strength is the only way to overcome violence. "It takes a lot of brain power to build an atom bomb but even more power not to."

But *Hole* is not a didactic sermon on violence and survival. It's an entertaining look at a realistic, albeit tragic situation. As Adam explains, "Theatre has to entertain in order to be effective."

So at least we'll be laughing as we fall into the abyss of disillusionment, a box of 25 minis (minimum) by our sides.



HOLE



events

The First McGill series on "Race"

A series of lectures and videos dealing with race, presented by the Anti-Racism Working Group until Friday. All talks are in Shatner 302. For more information, contact the coordinators: Steven Rourke at 270-7624 and Nityanand Deckha at 284-3651. Today's talks are:

12 Noon. Afra Jalabi and Yousef Arafat discuss The Exclusion of Arabs From (Anti) Semitic Discourse and Its Ramifications.

1:00 pm. Vrajesh Hanspal screens his video Trait d'Union and discusses Politics of Identities of People of Colour In Québec and Canada.

7:30 pm. Julian Samuel screens and discusses his new video in Arts 230 The Raft of the Medusa: Five Voices on Colonies Nations and Histories.

Readings by Nancy Shaw, Michael Holmes and Stan Rogel, at 4:30 pm on Thursday, March 18 in the Colgate Room at McLennan Library. Attendance is free.

NAFTA Between Elections: The First and the Last 100 Days. A conference from 8:30 to 5:30 on March 18 and 19 and 9:00 to 12 noon on March 20 in Leacock 232. No registration required, no registration fee, and lunch tickets to be purchased at the door.

The McGill Centre for Continuing Education Information Session at 5:30 pm on March 18 in Redpath Hall. Refreshments will be served.

The International Relations Society hosts The International Forum at 3:00 pm on Thursday March 18 at the William Shatner University Centre, room 425/c. The focus issue will be the Third World. Any and all are warmly welcomed.

The International Student's Association of MacDonald Campus of McGill University presents International Night, "A Cultural Fusion", at 6:00 pm on Thursday, March 25 at Centennial Centre Ballroom 21, 111 Lakeshore Road, Ste-Anne de Bellevue. Cultural Show and a dance to the sounds of the DJ from Club Balattou. Price \$8. For more information call 457-6103.

McGill Film Society presents Video Nite at 7:00 pm at the Alley and 16 mm Series at 7:00 in Leacock 132, March 18, *Decline of the American Empire* at 7:30 pm on March 19 in FDA Auditorium, and *Bladerunner* at 7:30 pm on March 20 in FDA Auditorium.

The Lesbian Bisexual and Gay Studies Collective will meet at 8:00 pm on Thursday March 18 on the third floor of Thomson House, 3650 McTavish, McGill campus. The brave new world of gay studies awaits all interested. For more information call 842-9124.

The Entrepreneurs' Club will be holding elections at 5:00 pm on Thursday, March 18 in Shatner 435. All executive positions are still open for next year so get involved now.



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Hillel Students' Society

General Elections
March 25, 6 pm
at Hillel House,
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PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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LOST: 1 gold earring in or around McLennan library, Sun., March 7. Sarah 288-0674.

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14 - Notices

McGill Players' Theatre is now accepting proposals for our fall season. Deadline: April 14. For more info call 398-6813 or drop by.

Aerobica-thon Sunday, March 21 for Mont Habitant disabled skiing program. At Joe Weider Gym. 6900 Decarie, Decarie, Namur Metro. Participants should have at least \$20 in pledges. Help a good cause. Info 383-5603.

Myth: A woman claims to have been raped, but is seen at a bar/party the next night - she must be lying.. **Fact:** Everyone deals with trauma differently. There is no single method for dealing with sexual assault.

Believing the myths=attitude. Perpetuating the myths=sexual assault. McGill Sexual Assault Centre 398-2700.

Want to Talk? IBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) sponsors two discussion groups at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer (above Milton) on Fridays. A coming out support group meets at 5:30, and a discussion group meets at 7. A great way to find out about yourself & others.

Confused or Curious? IBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) has restarted peer counselling. Anyone interested in IBGM and/or finding out about their sexuality can drop by Shalmer Room 417, or call 398-6822. Hours are 7 to 10, Monday through Friday. We're here for you!

15 - Volunteers

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